

She Never Knew

by Ninamazing

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Summary: Dear Hermione and *somebody*...but it's not a Weasley OR a Potter OR a Malfoy....

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> <meta name="GENERATOR"> She Never Knew **Author's Note:
Hmmm...strange things _do_ happen late at night, I agree with the
Mischief Makers. ;) Well, see how you like this one. Review please,
or else! *wink***

She always knew what she was doing, all the time. She was on top of
everything. She got good grades, had Ron Weasley falling all over
her, and had Harry Potter for a best friend. She was just...perfect.
She seemed to know everything.

> But there was one thing she never knew...

She never knew how I tried so hard to beat Malfoy up for calling her
'Mudblood,' she never knew how poor, blundering Neville had stolen
Malfoy's prized wizard figurine from his father for teasing her in
the Great Hall, she never knew that I sat in every class, every day,
every minute of my life at Hogwarts watching her, trying to soak up
as much as I could of her so that I could always remember.

> I knew it would only be harder when we left Hogwarts,
watching the Marriage and Birth Announcements in the Daily
Prophet... Hermione Granger and her happy husband. Who would it
be? Ron, Harry, Seamus...she had all of them. She had every single
one, and she could pick and choose like buying fresh fruit at a
farmer's market. Pick and choose.

> And she wouldn't ever pick me, no. Never. She was always
having to rescue me...saving my toad in Potions, undoing the Full
Body-Bind Curse Malfoy had put on me, helping me with Charms
homework...but it was just out of friendship. How could I even hope -
how could I even think that she -

I hated myself, hated myself for falling for her. But then, I never
could see why I hadn't, why everybody hadn't. She got more beautiful

every single day, every single minute, and I should know, I'm the one who keeps a silent, heartbreaking watch on everything she does.

Everything.

> And nobody suspects me. Nobody even dreams that walking disaster Neville could be so crafty, so vigilant, but I see everything. I see the way she looks at Ron, I see the times when Seamus stares for a whole period at her hair, swishing back and forth gently as she writes furiously. Smart, friendly, beautiful, and then there's me: stupid, shy, vulnerable. I could never be a heartthrob. And I could never have her, never.

Never.

End
file.